CLEAR TYPE SERIES

OUR ANCESTORS IN EUROPE
DURING THE MIDDLE AGES

FINDING
THE NEW WORLD

JENNIE HALL

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CLEAR TYPE SERIES

FINDING THE NEW WORLD

From

OUR ANCESTORS IN EUROPE

By

JENNIE HALL

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The Clear Type Publishing Society
Cleveland, Ohio.
1922

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Great Changes

Our modern world is very different from the medieval world. In those earlier times the great lived in stone castles, and the poor were bound to the soil. Only a few men owned land, and most men served some other with plow or sword in payment for the use of a piece of ground. Then books were rare, and the few who could read them were churchmen. Practically all the people of western Europe were members of one church and were

obedient to priest and pope.

Yet things never stand still, and before the year 1600 many great changes had come about. The invention of gunpowder had changed the style of buildings for the great: smiling palaces were taking the place of grim castles. Professional soldiers with strange firearms had taken the place of steel-clad knights. Most of the serfs were free: they had bought their freedom or had snatched it by running away from their lords. The manors had begun to change: many free workers had come to rent or own little farms.

National States

In many of the countries of western Europe the kings had humbled their great nobles, as Saint Louis had done. In the early Middle Ages men had thought of themselves not so much as Englishmen or Frenchmen, but as vassals of this count or that duke. As the king's power increased, however, men came to think less about whose vassals they were, and more and more of the monarch who was strong enough to protect life and property. The kings gained authority over the towns, often by helping them against the

greed of their lords. As the king grew stronger the great nobles were less and less able to defy him. Often, too, the king's need of money or of support against the lords led him to ask the aid of the richer common men. Then parliaments began at last to grow—great assemblies where the king presided and where men from all corners of his realm met to discuss affairs and to make laws. Then all men's eyes and hearts began to turn toward a common center, and in France, England, Spain, and Portugal men began to say: "We are Frenchmen," "We are Englishmen," "We are Spaniards," "We are Portuguese."

The king of such a country, when he was a wise king, felt that the interest of his subjects was his interest. If his merchants were prosperous, he was prosperous. Therefore he exerted himself to help them, and being much stronger than an old feudal king, he could aid them better. If Englishmen needed permission to trade in a French port or a Russian port, the English king would send an ambassador to the king of France or to the czar of Russia to obtain such a permission. Kings came, moreover, to consider it their business to make laws regulating manufacture and agriculture and the hiring of

laborers. They found the old gilds selfish and narrow. Trade and industry, moreover, had grown too broad for gilds and towns to manage. Therefore the kings altered the old rules and made new national laws. Under Queen Elizabeth, England, for example, set the laborer's day at twelve hours in summer, gave justices of the peace the power to fix the legal wages, and regulated contracts between employers and laborers. Gilds were now no longer needed in the old way, and they broke up or served merely to carry out national laws. The national government had an eye to the welfare of the laborer,

of the farmer, of the merchant.

How the World Began to Read

Another great change was in education. Common men in great numbers began to read. This happened as the result of what must at first have seemed like an unimportant invention. Between the years 1445 and 1454 men in Holland and Germany were casting individual letters in metal. By putting these letters together into words and spreading ink over them and pressing paper upon them they could print a page. And the great point was that

when a man had the type set up he could in a few minutes make many copies of the matter. Therefore a hundred books could be printed almost as quickly as one and almost as cheaply.

You remember how slow a task it had been before this time for a monk to copy a manuscript, and how costly, therefore, books had been. With the movable types and the printing press, however, it was made possible for even poor men to buy books. By 1490 printing presses were busy in almost two hundred cities in western Europe, from Sweden to Sicily and from Constantinople to Portugal. Common people began

to learn what the great minds of the past had thought and what the scholars of their own time were talking about. Sailors could buy books of travel, students could get writings on astronomy and medicine and law, and many people had copies of the Bible. The world began to read.

A Change in Religion

A great change occurred, too, in religion. Many people began to question whether the church was perfect. "The priests and the monks," they said, "do not live holy lives. Many of them are wicked

men, greedy and pleasure-loving." People had been carefully reading their newly printed Bibles, and they began to criticise the beliefs and ceremonies of the church. "The church does many things not taught in the Bible," they said. "It is too rich, too pompous. The ceremonies of the mass are wrong. Pilgrimages, too, are mistaken. The priests encourage men to buy pardons to save their dead friends from suffering for their sins. This, too, is wrong. The church needs reforming." Martin Luther in Germany and John Calvin in France and Switzerland were the leaders of this revolt, which

soon went to the length of rejecting altogether the authority of the pope. If the revolt succeeded, the universal sway of the old medieval church would be broken.

But most people remained loyal to the church, and they declared that some of the charges were exaggerated or wholly untrue, and that the reformers did not understand the true meaning of the Bible. "And even if there are things wrong with the church," said the loyal Catholics, "it would be wicked and sinful to try to destroy its ancient unity and authority instead of gradually working to make things better."

There were debates

between scholars on church questions. The pope and the emperor held meetings to discuss church matters. Books, both earnest and scornful, were written on both sides. Men grew more and more bitter, and wars arose out of the trouble. Most of the people of southern Europe remained faithful to the church: Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, southern Germany, continued Catholic and are so to-day. Most of the people of northern Europe left the old church and established new ones with slightly changed ceremonies and creeds. There were the Lutheran and Calvinist churches in northern

Germany, Holland, Sweden. Norway, and Denmark; the Episcopalian, in England; the Presbyterian, in Scotland. These are still Protestant countries.

But the struggle went on. Every church, new or old, was so certain of being in the right that it had no patience or sympathy with those of another faith. Catholic and Protestant alike condemned liberty of thought and belief and cruelly persecuted each other when they could. It was an age of intolerance.

To the Catholic church the new creeds seemed utterly wrong, and she called them heresies. She fought them with two strong weapons.

One was the Society of Jesus, an order of priests somewhat like the old monkish orders. By learning, by eloquent preaching and writing, these devoted Catholics sought to keep the world Catholic. The other great weapon was the Inquisition. This was a body of churchmen whose business it was to root out heresy. They had the right to arrest men, women, and children who were accused of being heretics. They tried these prisoners, and if a man was found guilty, he was punished. Perhaps he was only scourged. Perhaps he was sent to the galleys, where he sat chained to the bench and helped to row the great ship.

Perhaps he was imprisoned for life. Perhaps, even, he was burned at the stake. During the eighteen years of one Spanish judge's work, more than two thousand people of Spain were burned as heretics.

But not only did Catholics try to root out heresy, they saw the need of correcting things that were wrong and of stating clearly the teachings of the church. Several councils of bishops and great churchmen were held to clear up disputed points, to write out fully the Catholic creed, to make rules for the actions of bishops and priests and monks. Seminaries were established for the teaching

of priests. The Jesuits encouraged learning and good habits among churchmen. The Catholic church of today has grown from that reformation on the inside, and the various Protestant churches are the result of the reformation on the outside.

Thus by inventions and education, by the changing of manors and gilds, by the curbing of nobles and towns and the uniting of people under strong governments, by the breaking up of the powerful church and the formation of new creeds, Europe was becoming different from the Europe of the Middle Ages; it was becoming modern Europe.

Ships in Strange Seas

Changes in religion and education and government were all very important in creating our modern world, but a change more full of story and adventure and quite as important had to do with men's knowledge of geography. To the people of Europe in 1422 the known world was not much larger than it had been to the Greeks. To the Mediterranean countries they had added only northern Europe and a vague knowledge of India and China and Japan. In 1522, a hundred years later, a ship had sailed all

the way around the world and so had demonstrated that the earth is a sphere; a sailing route around Africa had been discovered; and men had found the hitherto unknown Americas.

Early Sailors and Their Ways

Sailing the sea is a fairly simple matter if one keeps close to shore and sails over well-known routes. The pilot watches the color of the water and the breaking ot waves for hidden reefs. He sights some object on land and guides his course by it. He judges his speed by noting how long it takes him

to go from this well-known cape to that familiar town. When a storm threatens, he makes for a harbor that he knows. Such was the sailing in the Mediterranean in the time of the Greeks and Romans, and such the sailing of the early merchants of Florence and Venice and Genoa.

During the hundreds of years of voyaging over this inland sea, however, sailors invented some very useful aids. Some man—some Arab or Chinaman perhaps: we do not know who he was, or where he lived, or when—found that if he rubbed a needle with a magnet and floated it on a straw in a

dish of water, it would faithfully point north. If a pilot was out of sight of land on a cloudy night, without sun or moon or stars to show him direction, this little needle helped him to keep a straight course. So it rapidly grew in importance. Improvements were made in it, Italian traders in Asia carried the invention to the West, and by 1300 every Mediterranean ship had a compass, a neat little box with its bottom marked off with the directions, and with a magnetized needle swinging inside it.

But though a compass might help a pilot to steer a straight course, it could

not tell him in what direction to go in order to find a port which he had never seen. Captains, therefore, were glad to have in their crews men who had sailed in different parts of the Mediterranean, that they might serve as pilots. Yet such men were not always to be found. So there grew up the custom of writing out sailing directions and selling them to ships' captains.

They might read somewhat like this, perhaps: "From Naples sail south, past the burning island of Stromboli. Sixty-three leagues★ will bring you to the strait between Sicily and Italy. Here the

★ Three miles

ship is in much danger from the swift tide, which piles up the water in the narrow strait. After rounding the point of Italy lay your course eastward for one hundred leagues, until you sight the Greek island of Zante, where many grapes are grown. From here sail southward, keeping the shore in sight and passing to the left of the island of Strivali, where the monastery is. After turning east around Cape Gallo, hug the shore in order to avoid the winds blowing from the north. But as you approach Cape Malia make a wide sweep to the southward; for this is a most dangerous point, on account of

wind and hidden rocks."

Gradually, instead of writing such directions, men of much travel came to make drawings of the coasts they knew. At last captains could buy charts showing the shores of the whole Mediterranean as experienced sailors had seen them. Think what it means for a man to be able to make such a map. No one person, of course, had sailed along all the thousands of miles of the Mediterranean coast and explored all the harbors. One had gone up and down the west shore of Italy until he knew it well, had measured its distances and noted its directions. Another had done the like on

the east coast, another among the Greek islands, yet another had often run the course from Sicily to Egypt. Every one of them, perhaps, could map his own little piece of coast; but in order to put all these together, to know how far apart to draw the two shores of Italy, to know whether Athens was directly east of Rome or somewhat to the south of it—how could any seaman know these things?

The maker of a map that showed a great stretch of coast, with correct directions and distances, had to be able to find out, when he stood in a certain spot, where he was in relation to some other

place, whether north, south, east, or west, and how far in that direction. To help them in doing this the scientists of the Middle Ages had invented an instrument called the astrolabe. They could point it at the north star and at the horizon, and thereby find out how far above the horizon the star was. This told them how far north of the equator they stood.

In drawing their maps they used the plan of lines and cross lines that the geographers of Alexandria had invented. They imagined lines on the earth running from the north pole to the south pole, and other lines

running around the earth from east to west and cutting it into spaces much as the lines of longitude and latitude do on our maps today.

Besides having the compass to direct them, maps to guide them, and the astrolabe to show them their location, Mediterranean sailors had improved their ships. These were larger than those of Greek days and carried three masts instead of one. Each sail was divided, so that parts of it could be reefed in a heavy wind and yet other parts remain spread. There were jibs flying over the bow to catch the wind. With all this spread of sail,

a ship went very fast.

A German monk who made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land in 1480 wrote a book about his travels. In it he says: "In storms, when the wind is fair and strong, a ship runs violently and with uneasy tossing on its course with exceeding great swiftness, so fast that an arrow from a catapult or a bow cannot equal the pace of the ship. . . . The wind draws the ship along by its sails with such force that the sea water seems to run to meet the prow, and the beak of the prow seems to be plowing furiously up against the stream of a river so that sometimes the water

rises above the horns of the prow."

Wanted: A New Route to India

Yet, in spite of better ships and aids to navigation, Mediterranean sailors had not ventured out into the Atlantic. A few of them, to be sure, skirted the coast on a yearly trip to England and Flanders, but most of them were content to sail up and down the familiar sea. There had been little need to go elsewhere. Ships sailed in order to carry goods, and the things that people wanted had been waiting for them

in the ports of Egypt and Asia Minor and Syria.

But something had happened to change all this, so that the European traders of the fifteenth century began to find little in their old markets at Constantinople, Smyrna, and the other cities of Asia Minor. Western Asia had long been disturbed. About 1200, Mongol tribes under great rulers and fighters, after conquering China, had moved westward, had seized practically all of Asia, and had pushed into Europe, conquering and holding much of Russia. A little later the Ottoman Turks began to move out southward and eastward from the northwest

corner of Asia Minor. It was through this country, so often raided and conquered by people who were in race, religion, and habits unlike the Europeans, that the caravans went from the East to the West. Merchants became afraid to risk their goods in this fierce war zone. Fewer and fewer caravans came from India and China. Trading ships lay idle, and trade dwindled.

Yet men knew that far off, beyond that hostile Turkish land, lay rich China and India and the Spice Islands. People began to read with more eagerness than ever before the old book of the travels of Marco Polo.

This fortunate boy and his two uncles had traveled, sometimes on ship, sometimes on camel back, and by horse, and afoot, from their own city of Venice, through the well-known Mediterranean, through the old lands of Asia that Alexander had conquered, past ruins of ancient cities, across deserts, among fierce tribes, over mountain passes, down great river valleys, to the farthest coast of China, a journey of more than a thousand days.

Here they had lived for seventeen years, in the court of the emperor Kublai Khan, acting as his messengers and advisers. They went with the emperor from his summer

palace to his winter palace. They traveled into far corners of the country on the emperor's business. They saw the great land of China from end to end and Chinese life from top to bottom. And always Marco's eyes were open to everything interesting and important.

When at last he returned to Italy and told his story, a friend, hearing it, wrote it down in a book. That book was so full of marvels that when it was finally published, all who could, put hands upon a copy and read and went away with excited eyes, telling it again to whoever would listen. Men told over and over of the Grand

Khan's palace and its gilt columns entwined with carved dragons; of the sacred herd of ten thousand milk-white horses; of the level roads with their flying horsemen and fleet runners that could make a ten days' journey in one; of the great Kiang River, ten miles wide in some places; of the river town where fifteen thousand boats were tied up; of that marvelous Celestial City, a hundred miles around, with twelve thousand bridges across its rivers and canals, with its stone-paved streets, by means of which "passengers can travel to every part without soiling their feet"; of the island of Java, where grew

"pepper, nutmegs, spikenard, galangal, cubebs, cloves, and all the other valuable spices and drugs."

The Polos had gone home by ship through the China Sea, past the Spice Islands, past Ceylon and the Indian coast, through the Indian Ocean and the Persian Gulf, without being troubled by the Turks. "If only we might get our ships into those waters!" thought the traders who read Polo's book. "Now that the Turks have shut the gates of land travel to Asia, it would be good to find some sea route from our Mediterranean into those eastern seas. If we could only sail around Africa, we

might come into the Indian Ocean." One man in the fifteenth century accomplished a wonderful work that made such a voyage possible. He was a prince of the little country of Portugal.

Portugal's Great Explorers

This country was on the western edge of the world, looking out over the terrible, the unguessed Atlantic. Men standing on her cliffs and gazing westward must have felt a thrill of terror. They could see nothing beyond but endless waters. What lay out there under the sunset? Ignorant men thought: "Of course the ocean stretches

as far as eye can see, but it must have an end. It is probably cut off suddenly, and a ship would slip over its edge into—what? Besides, do you see how a ship keeps dropping down as it sails out in that direction? First the hull disappears, then the sail, then the flag on the mast. It is going down-hill toward that awful jumping-off place."

And toward the south, what was there? These same ignorant men thought that a few hundred miles south of the Mediterranean the earth became so hot that the air was aflame and the sea steaming. For as one journeyed into Africa, did not

the climate grow hotter and hotter, and was not the ground parched so that no plants could grow, and were not the people scorched brown? Men believed, too, that a magnet mountain lay somewhere in that far-off sea. Acting upon the iron of the ships it would draw them toward it, would pull out the nails that held them together and strew the timbers of the wrecks over the waves. Monsters, moreover, lived on the land, men thought, death-dealing creatures and man-eaters.

Yet there were educated men who knew that these were foolish superstitions, who had learned from the

writings of the old Greek philosophers that the earth is a sphere and that the ocean laps it round like a blanket. Prince Henry of Portugal was one of these learned men. He knew much about the shape of the earth and wished to learn more. He was a scientist and mathematician, liking to figure out problems in astronomy and surveying. He was a great reader, too, and had read Herodotus and Marco Polo's book and Ptolemy's "Geography," written ages before in learned Alexandria. He had, besides, a great deal of money, so that he could buy maps and make experiments

quite impossible for poorer men.

So he chose a home for himself on the very southwestern point of Portugal where the Atlantic tides and the sea winds swept in. Here he built a palace where he could live, an observatory where he could study the stars, a dock where he could have ships built. He encouraged all men of learning and all sailors who had had interesting voyages to visit him and to tell him their stories.

For centuries ships had gone along the desert coast of northwestern Africa for seven hundred miles or more, stopping here and there to trade with the

Moorish inhabitants for gold and ivory and curious things. But at a certain cape that stretched outward into the strange west, beaten by great waves, the ships had always turned back. Men had named the point Cape Non or Cape Not, because for the ship that sailed past it there was not any return.

To pass this impassable cape, to push exploration as far as possible down the African coast became the dream and the purpose of Prince Henry's life. He sat in his observatory and studied the stars, in his library and pored over his maps, all telling different things about the unknown parts of the world.

He had ships built, he hired sailors, he offered prizes to captains who should find new lands. He sketched maps for them, wrote sailing directions. He commanded his captains at any risk to sail beyond Cape Non. He laughed at the foolish belief in the sea of darkness and the magnet mountain and the flaming air. At last he enticed one ship past the cape. And since, as the old Portuguese chronicler says, "the beginning is two parts of the whole matter," soon others followed and learned that the sea beyond Cape Non was no different from that nearer home.

Before long, however, a

new cape barred the way. It thrust a long finger a hundred miles westward, and the waves ran fiercely at its point. So for many years ships ran bravely the thousand miles to Cape Bojador and then went back home, having seen no new lands, having got no nearer to Asia. But at last a daring captain doubled this cape, too, and found the sea on the other side "as easy to sail in as the waters at home." He carried back to the prince not only his story, but some roses that he had gathered in a land hitherto untouched, perhaps, by white men.

Every new cape conquered made the captains bolder.

The very summer, indeed, that Gil Eannes passed Bojador, two young knights of his company, landing with their horses, rode twenty miles and had a glimpse of the wild natives. After that Antonio Gonçalves, a daring young nobleman in charge of a ship, being eager for adventure and for honor, and wishing to please his beloved prince, sailed into these strange waters. He and his good friend, together with twenty men, surprised a little village, crying out, "Saint James for Portugal," as they fell upon the people and captured ten men, women and children.

This capturing of people

who had done no harm does not seem to-day like a very noble adventure, but the men of Gonçalves's company thought so highly of it that they considered the young man worthy of knighthood, and there on the savage African shore he knelt and received the accolade from the hands of his friend, already a knight. It seemed important to these men to be able to carry back to their prince real living natives of that far-off fairyland. Prince Henry, also, thought this a great and useful deed, for he hoped to make Christians of these captives and to get from them, too, more definite knowledge concerning their

country. So, indeed, it proved, and a little later Gonçalves got in partial exchange for one of his captives a little bag of gold dust together with a few black men, the slaves of the Moorish tribe to which the captives belonged.

Gold and slaves to be had for the capturing! White men needed no further encouragement to make the African voyage. Little trading settlements grew up on this gold coast. Then began the slave traffic, that continued for almost four hundred years. Ships came and went, laden with gold and with black men, the sea roads grew busy, and Portugal grew rich.

But though many men set out for Africa only in the hope of gain, caring nothing for finding new lands or for getting new knowledge, yet the prince kept his scientific interest, his love of discovery. He had read the old story told by Herodotus, the Greek historian, who says: "Neco, king of Egypt, . . . sent certain Phœnicians in ships (from the Red Sea) with orders to sail back through the Pillars of Hercules into the northern sea (that is, the Mediterranean) and so to return to Egypt. The Phœnicians, accordingly, setting out from the Red Sea, navigated the southern sea. When autumn came, they

went ashore and sowed the land by whatever part of Libya (that is, Africa) they happened to be sailing, and waited for the harvest. Then, having reaped the grain, they put to sea again. When two years had thus passed, in the third, having doubled the Pillars of Hercules, they arrived in Egypt."

As the prince's discoveries and studies continued, he probably came to think: "That voyage is a proof that Africa has an end toward the south. The Indian Ocean over east of it and the Atlantic west of it must flow together at that southern end. If we could round that point, we should come into the

Indian Ocean and might sail on to China and the Spice Islands." But Prince Henry died before his ships had gone half the way down the African coast as we know it now.

Yet he had not spent his forty years of work in vain. Men had sailed westward for eight hundred miles and had found, not a sea of darkness, not the edge of the world, but the fair islands of the Azores. They had sailed southward to the equator, and their ships had not been sucked down into a boiling whirlpool, nor had the men been burned black by a scorching sun. Indeed, they had found a land rich

with more flourishing plants than grew in Portugal. Moreover, Prince Henry had trained up a class of captains and sailors who knew better how to handle a ship and to take reckonings than seamen before them. And hundreds of people became interested in sailing around Africa.

So the voyages continued after Prince Henry's death. In 1486 his nephew, King John, sent out four expeditions at once.

One man went through Egypt to the hidden lands of Africa, exploring the shore. Here he found, stretching along the eastern coast, a line of Mohammedan towns of busy traders, where came

ships from India and Arabia. He sent letters home, saying: "Keep southward. If you persist, Africa must come to an end. And when ships come to the Eastern Ocean let them ask for Sofala and the island of the Moon (Madagascar), and they will find pilots to take them to Malabar (in India)."

That was an encouraging message, indeed, and a helpful discovery. But another of King John's expeditions made a still more important one. Bartholomew Diaz with two ships sailed southward along Africa for sixteen months. In winter cold and on tossing seas he rounded the end of Africa at last, and

knew that the next Portuguese ship might sail on into the warm, busy waters of the East. But his own men did not realize what a great thing they had done, and, worn out with cold and long sailing, demanded to go home. The king of Portugal, when he heard Diaz's story, knew that Prince Henry's dream was realized, that the sea road to India was open. Therefore he refused to call the new point "Cape of Storms," as the wind-tossed sailor Diaz had named it, but rather "Cape of Good Hope," because it opened to Portugal so good hopes of trade and wealth.

Yet it was ten years before

any one again doubled the cape and made the much-hoped-for voyage into the Indian Ocean. Four ships were built on purpose, and the king put in command of them a Portuguese gentleman, Vasco da Gama. The king and the queen and the nobles of the court gathered to see the beginning of this yet untried voyage. They and the adventurers crowded into a chapel to ask God's blessing on this great attempt. After that, two long years passed, and no news came to the king concerning the fate of the expedition. But in another two months the ships sailed into harbor with the rich smell of spices clinging

about them, and Da Gama put into the hands of the king a letter from an Indian ruler. "Vasco da Gama, a nobleman of your household," it said, "has visited my kingdom and has given me great pleasure. In my kingdom there is abundance of cinnamon, cloves, ginger, pepper, and precious stones. What I seek from thy country is gold, silver, coral, and scarlet."

Da Gama had a marvelous story to tell. In his voyage southward he had not clung to the coast of Africa, as others had done, but had laid a circling course through the broad Atlantic, thinking to shorten the distance. For

ninety-three days he had sailed without sight of land. Then he had touched Africa, and from that time on he had stopped here and there to explore or to get fresh water or fish or game.

Farther north along the coast they had found the Mohammedan country that King John's traveler had written of. Here were well-built cities, with beautiful palaces and gardens, somewhat like those of Moorish Spain and northern Africa. The people were civilized Arabs, dressing in silks and sitting upon rich cushions. In the harbors were trading ships from India. The king of one of these towns had

given Da Gama pilots, who had guided him to the kingdom of Calicut, in India, the land of silks and gems and spices.

The Portuguese sailors had actually set foot upon this fabulous land, had talked with the people, had bowed before its king, and had received a letter from his hand. But Moorish merchants who lived in this country, being jealous of the strangers, had made them much trouble, so that the Portuguese had scarcely escaped with their lives.

On the way home, moreover, they had met hard winds in crossing the Indian Ocean and had been three

months and three days without sighting land, so that food had become scarce and water low. Thirty men had died of scurvy, and only seven or eight in each ship had been able to work the ropes and attend to the sailing. When they had at last landed on the African coast they had burned one ship, because they had had too few men to sail them all. Hard and long had been the first voyage to India.

That expedition was the joy of geographers, because it laid open a half of the world hitherto unknown. That letter from an Indian ruler was a trumpet call to Portuguese merchants, because

it promised trade and wealth. Before twenty years were gone, a Portuguese army had fought in Persia and India and Siam, had captured the five most useful seaports, had built up a Portuguese empire in the East over which a Portuguese viceroy ruled. Storehouses, markets, and dwellings were built in the cities of Asia like those in the factories of the Hanse towns in northern Europe and of the Italian towns in the eastern Mediterranean. Portuguese officers were left in charge of these factories, with workmen to repair and build ships and handle goods and with soldiers and warships

to guard the settlements.

Fleets of Portuguese vessels passed to and fro around the Cape of Good Hope to trade in Arabia, India, and the eastern islands. From Europe they carried copper, quicksilver, vermillion dye, brass basins from Flanders, scarlet cloth, colored silks, perhaps made in Florence. They found in the storehouses at the Indian factories rice, sugar, honey, oil, cocoanuts. Portuguese ships went even further, out into the island-sown ocean south of Siam, and one little fleet of vessels turned northward and visited that marvelous China that Marco Polo had written

of. Travelers explored lands unknown before and wrote books about them. Europeans were beginning to be at home in Africa and Asia.

Spanish Ships in a New World

While Portugal was uncovering hidden Africa and before she had found the southeastern path to India through strange seas and dreaded dangers, another sailor and scientist was forming a different plan—to sail westward from Portugal across the Atlantic and so to come to China. For he, like Prince Henry, had read the Greek books about

geography and believed that the earth is round. He had read, too, the books of the great travelers in China, and he noted that they said the ocean was east of Asia as it was west of Europe. He thought, therefore, that the sea lapped over the globe from Europe to Asia, that the ocean lying at his feet as he stood on the Portuguese shore washed the rich coasts of China on the other side of the world.

This dreamer was Christopher Columbus. He had grown up in Genoa, the great Italian trading town. There he had seen ships sail out for strange-sounding places at the far end of the

sea, and he had beheld them come back and unload jewels and silks and spices that smelled of China and the yet more distant Cipango or Japan. Being an imaginative boy, he had formed a "magnificent and great desire to find a way to where the spices grew." He had gone to the university to learn mathematics and astronomy so that he should be able to find his way through unknown waters. He had learned Latin so that he might read the books that Eastern travelers had written.

Then he had gone to Portugal, the sailors' paradise. He had become acquainted with some of her great

captains and had married the daughter of one of them. He himself says in his journal: "I have traversed the sea for twenty-three years without leaving it for any time worth counting, and I saw all in the east and the west, going on the route of the north, which is England, and I have been to Guinea (that is, Africa)." He had talked with some of the wise men in Prince Henry's old school and had seen the precious maps in his museum. And all the time his dream kept growing stronger and more real before his eyes.

At last he was received by the king of Portugal and told him of his plan. But it

seemed like a wild scheme to the king and his councilors, and they refused him ships. Columbus left Portugal in anger, but he did not give up his plan. He was determined to cross that uncrossed sea. Yet he was a poor man, and only a king's purse was large enough to supply the ships and hire the men necessary for the great voyage.

During eight years he sought one government, then another, perhaps Genoa and Venice and England. He interviewed great nobles of Spain, and they sent him to King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella. But they were busy with their wars against the Moors; for they had

determined to free Spain utterly from her old-time Mohammedan conquerors. So Columbus was kept waiting four years at the court.

The stories of that weary time, with the learned scoffing at him and the ignorant laughing, with the delays on account of wars and princely marriages and royal business, with the examination by men who thought themselves wiser than this unknown sailor; the story of his bitter disappointment, of his leaving the court, of his poverty, of his wanderings, of the friends he found, and of his second visit to the court—all these stories show him as a sad and suffering man, but a man of

burning enthusiasm and of iron will. He believed in his dream. And because he believed, because he would not give up, and because he had real knowledge and science on his side, he won at last.

On August 3, 1492, seven months after the Moorish war was finished and Spain was at last free from the Mohammedans and proud of her victory, three little ships set sail from the Spanish harbor of Palos—the *Santa Maria,* the *Pinta,* and the *Niña.* There were one hundred twenty men on board, and Columbus commanded them as admiral. The wharves were crowded with their friends, weeping; for

they thought never again to see ships or sailors who were facing the horrors of an unsailed ocean.

It proved, however, to be a very mild, safe voyage. "The sea was like a river, the air pleasant and very mild," says Columbus in his journal, where every night he wrote down with care all the happenings of the day. Again he says, "It is a pleasure to be here, so balmy are the breezes." The sailors even bathed alongside, bathed in bottomless waters, in seas thousands of miles broad, in an ocean never before touched by ships!

But even in fair weather it is a hard thing to face the

unknown, day after day, to see every evening at sunset and every morning at dawn the same empty ocean. Moreover, the constant east wind that pleased Columbus because it was driving him on towards Asia frightened the sailors because it was driving them away from home. "My people were much excited," Columbus says, "at the thought that in these seas no wind ever blew in the direction of Spain." After a month the men could endure no longer. They had been grumbling among themselves. At last they complained aloud to the admiral and demanded that he should turn the ship about and sail home.

"But," says Columbus, "the admiral cheered them up in the best way he could." Doubtless he painted glowing pictures of the riches they would find in China. He perhaps reminded them of the letter, written on parchment and bearing the great seals of the king and the queen. This he was carrying to that magnificent monarch of China, the Grand Khan. When encouragement failed to calm his sailors, this man of iron will told them that "However much they they might complain, he had to go to the Indies, and that he would go on until he found them, with the help of our Lord." Two nights later

they saw land, and on the morning of Friday, October twelfth, they set foot upon solid earth.

For the next three months they explored these coasts. Columbus must have been disappointed. He had expected to find the gorgeous China of which he had read in Marco Polo's book, with its thousands of ships, its marble bridges, its palaces, its exquisite gardens, its princes in embroidered silk, its gold and jewels and perfumes and precious spices. Instead he saw naked people, living in rude huts, with hardly a glint of gold. Yet he seems to have enjoyed those months of exploration.

He had an eye for beautiful scenery, and he found here a landscape that delighted him. "I walked among the trees," he says, "which was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. . . . I can never tire my eyes in looking at such lovely vegetation. . . . I found the smell of the trees and flowers so delicious that it seemed the pleasantest thing in the world. . . . I wanted to go and anchor there," he says of a certain coast, "so as to go on shore and see so much beauty."

He was gentle and friendly with the natives, never allowing his men to hurt them or to take their goods. For he

knew that many ships of Spain would follow him, that the king and queen would build towns in this new land, and he hoped to have the natives receive Spaniards as friends. Moreover, the great admiral was a man of religious heart. "This was the beginning and end of the undertaking," he says, "namely, the increase and glory of the Christian religion," and he begged the king and queen to send missionaries to convert the natives.

When the explorers set sail for home, instead of costly cinnamon and pepper they carried a few rolls of a strange thing that the

natives burned in their mouths and which they called "tobacco." Instead of silks they had samples of cotton. Instead of embroidered robes they had curious things woven of strings in which the people slept and which they called "hammocks." No wealthy Chinese merchants accompanied them, but a few naked and painted "Indians," as Columbus called them. The admiral still carried the royal letter for the Grand Khan, undelivered.

There had been tears and smiles of scorn and gloomy prophecies when Columbus had sailed from Spain. When he returned, there were processions and shoutings of joy

and crowded roadsides and house-tops wherever he passed. Noblemen rode out of the city to welcome him. The whole court assembled to meet him, and the king and queen rose up from their thrones to do him honor. People gazed with wonder and surprise at the Indians, the stuffed animals, and the dried branches of fruits and flowers that he had brought. They listened with delight to his descriptions of the countries he had seen and to his hopes of finding the Grand Khan on his next voyage. Every one felt that he had well earned his title of Spanish Admiral of the High Seas for himself and his heirs

forever, of viceroy and governor over all continents and islands that he should discover, and the noble name of *Don.*

What had he really done? He himself thought that he had found a new way to China and India. The Spanish king and queen evidently thought that he had discovered some new islands, probably near neighbors to Asia. He had in reality done a great deal more. The shores which he had found were the island fringe of a new world, the West Indies of our America. He had, moreover, broken the magic of the unknown sea. Men had for centuries lived on its edge

and wondered how far it stretched and what manner of end it had, but no man had dared to explore it. Now, however, a man had laughed at fears and foolish stories, had risked all the horrors, had proved that this sea was as much a sailor's home as any other. He had laid out a road across that untraveled ocean; for where one ship had gone others might go. Spain rang with the glory of the voyage, and the sailors in every seaport of Europe must have longed to try their skill and their luck in a like adventure.

In England, indeed, men were unwilling to see Spain monopolize the new lands. In 1497, only five years after Columbus' voyage, John Cabot, a Venetian sailor, put out from Bristol, England, with a letter in his sea chest, giving him the right to explore in the west and claim new lands for the English king. An Italian, visiting in England, wrote to an Italian duke: "In this kingdom there is a certain Venetian named Zoanne Caboto, of gentle disposition, very expert in navigation, who seeing that the most serene kings of Portugal and Spain had

occupied unknown islands, meditates the achievement of a similar expedition for the said Majesty. Having obtained royal privileges securing to himself the use of the dominions he might discover, the sovereignty being reserved to the Crown, he intrusted his fortune to a small vessel with a crew of eighteen persons and set out from Bristol, a port in the western part of this kingdom. . . . At length he hit upon land, where he hoisted the royal standard and took possession for his highness, and having obtained various proofs of his discovery, he returned." In two voyages he touched upon the shores

of modern Canada and of the United States.

What country could find more lands and richer ones? That was the question. The Portuguese kept pushing farther and farther east, even as far as the Molucca Islands, where the spices grew. One of their captains on his way southward to round Africa was carried by wind and current far to the west, so that he touched the coast that we now call Brazil. He claimed it for his country, and hers it remained for almost four hundred years.

But Spain was yet busier. Columbus himself made four voyages, exploring many islands of the West Indies

and the north coast of South America. Other captains coasted around the shore of the Gulf of Mexico and touched upon Florida. They explored the coasts opposite Cuba and sailed southward almost to the tip of South America. Americus Vespucius, an Italian, whose name men later gave to the new continents, went with many of these exploring captains and wrote accounts of the voyages.

For a long time these trips up and down the shores were not put together in men's minds. People did not realize that the land which Vespucius saw north of the Gulf of Mexico was connected with

that which he found hundreds of miles farther south. That northern part was, to them, Asia. But what was the southern part? Marco Polo and the old maps had said nothing of a continent south of Asia. Some people began to call this the New World. They wondered what shape it had. Where was its southern end, or did it have any end? What lay east of it? Other men, however, held a different opinion about that southern land. They considered it to be a long cape attached to Asia. It stretched out into the ocean and cut off the way to the Spice Islands.

Magellan, a Portuguese navigator, determined to find his

way around this troublesome land to the rich Indies hiding behind it. He was already an experienced sailor. He had rounded the Cape of Good Hope and had done brave fighting for Portugal on the shores of Asia. He had sailed farther east than most white men of his time. But for one reason or another the king of Portugal thought ill of his plan, and Magellan, like Columbus, turned from Portugal to Spain. Again Spain accepted the great man whom her neighbor had rejected.

With five ships and two hundred eighty men Magellan started out to meet—he knew not what—and to prove

beyond all doubt that the earth is round. It was all plain sailing to the Canaries, then across the newly opened Atlantic to Brazil which Portugal already owned, and along the coast of the new world in Vespucius' track. Here they sailed into many a harbor and river mouth, looking for a cut through the land from ocean to ocean. But far down on the coast of South America, in St. Julian's Bay, the stormy winter caught the party, and they anchored in the sheltered harbor to wait for good sailing weather. Here they "set up at the top of the highest mountain which was there a very large cross, as

a sign that this country belonged to the king of Spain." So says Pigafetta, an Italian gentleman who went on the expedition and who wrote a journal about it.

The five months of waiting in severe cold, with little to eat and little to do, were hard to bear. The men talked among themselves: "This captain-general of ours is a Portuguese, while we are Spaniards, and do not the Portuguese and Spaniards hate each other? He is trying to destroy us by keeping us in this miserable frozen land. Besides, we have gone farther south than any man ever went before. Why do more?

Let us kill this captain-general and go home."

So they made their plan, but Magellan learned of it, and he had the leaders of the mutiny killed, and some of the others he put into chains and imprisoned them in the hulls of his ships to work the pumps. The Spaniards came to feel fear and respect for this man of prompt action and heavy hand and stout heart. When he was ready to sail out in the spring he set his prisoners at liberty and gave them work to do, though three of the worst trouble makers he abandoned on that wild shore to shift for themselves. Before he left the harbor one of his

ships ran upon rocks and was wrecked, though the men were saved. So only four ships sailed southward.

They went on for two months and then did, indeed, find a strait leading through the land. This they entered, exploring as they went, and when the ships were scattered and out from under Magellan's eye, one of them, filled with jealous and discontented men, sailed away for Spain. The three others, however, kept on feeling their way along the winding channel, between lands that were "rocky and also stark with eternal cold," so that Magellan thought them not worth exploring. Every man's eyes

were always ahead seeking a glimpse of the ocean that held the Moluccas and the well-known world of Asia. At last the strait did indeed open out. The shore of the new world bent northward. The open Pacific lay before the voyagers.

But where were the rich Spice Islands? Magellan pointed his ships' heads northwest and sailed out into the unmapped sea. "Wednesday, the 28th of November, 1520, we came forth out of the said strait," says Pigafetta, "and entered into the Pacific Sea, where we remained three months and twenty days, without taking in provision or other

refreshment." Soon the drinking water was yellow and foul. Before much longer the food was gone, and men had only the sawdust that they could scrape up in the hull and the dirty, wormy crumbs and dust left from the biscuits. They even caught the ship's rats and ate them and cut off strips of the leather that was bound around the yardarm and ate that.

Three months and twenty days without proper food and proper drink and proper rest! The men suffered many diseases, and nineteen of them died and were buried in that strange sea. Nobody knew how far away the Spice

Islands were. Every day for all that time men must have gazed ahead expecting to see the end of their horrible voyage. And at last it came. The thing that Columbus had hoped to do was done. A European ship by sailing west had reached the East.

The seaworn sailors of Spain and Portugal after a voyage of a year and a half set foot first upon the Ladrones, or Thieves' Islands, and then upon the Philippines. In this latter place they found the people friendly and gentle and eager to imitate the ways of the wonderful strangers. Magellan straightway set about making them Christians, for he was

as much a missionary as a discoverer. He had with him a slave who had been born in one of the Spice Islands and could speak the language of the Philippines. So Magellan preached through this interpreter, and the people listened with delight and asked to become Christians. They tore down their idols and burned them, and Magellan set up a cross. "In eight days," says Pigafetta, "all the inhabitants of this island were baptized and some belonging to the neighboring islands."

Magellan, loving these new friends and converts of his, determined to help them in war and peace. With sixty

of his men he went to a near-by island to fight the king's battles for him. And there on the edge of the world fifteen hundred natives with arrows and javelins and spears and stones defeated the white men and killed the brave Magellan, "our mirror, light, comfort, and true guide," as Pigafetta calls him. And then these new-made Christians showed how much their new religion and new friendship meant to them, for they turned against the defeated white men, tore down the cross and broke it to pieces, and killed any Spaniards upon whom they could put their hands.

The rest sailed sadly away,

mourning for their captain and their slain comrades. They had not enough men to sail three ships, and so they burned one. The other two went on to the Moluccas, where the men traded for several months, that they might not go home empty-handed. But of those two ships one was lost somewhere in the eastern seas. The men of the other suffered almost as much on the way around Africa as they had suffered on the open Pacific. Pigafetta speaks of the Cape of Good Hope as "that terrible cape," and again calls it "the largest and most dangerous cape in the world." "We remained off that cape

for nine weeks," he says, "with the sails struck on account of the western and northwestern gales which beat against our bows with fierce squalls." They suffered from the cold, and they had nothing but rice and water to eat. "But the greater number of us, prizing honor more than life itself, decided on attempting at any risk to return to Spain. . . . We then sailed towards the northwest for two whole months without ever taking rest; and in this short time we lost twenty-one men."

So, after three years and two weeks, all that was left of Magellan's fleet limped into the home harbor—one

broken ship and eighteen gaunt men. They were the first of men to sail around the world. They had done a marvelous thing, and their story stirred people's hearts then as it has done ever since. "Worthier, indeed, are our sailors of eternal fame," says an old Spanish writer of the time, "than the Argonauts who sailed with Jason to Colchis and much more worthy was their ship of being placed among the stars than that old Argo."

Spain had found the southwest passage to the Indies. Portugal held that to the southeast. Two other routes seemed possible—to the

northeast around Europe and to the northwest around North America. France began to search for the northwest passage. The king of France sent word to the king of Spain "asking him by what right he and the king of Portugal undertook to monopolize the earth. Had our first father, Adam, made them his sole heirs? If so, it would be no more than proper for them to produce a copy of the will; and meanwhile he should feel at liberty to seize upon all he could get."

Thereupon this ambitious King Francis sent Verrazano, an Italian, who explored the shores of what is now the United States in an effort to

find a strait cutting through it. Of course he failed, because there is no such strait. Ten years later Cartier, a Frenchman, found the mouth of the great St. Lawrence River and claimed the land for France.

Spain, Portugal, England, and France were now snatching at the new land and its promises of trade.

The Results of a Century's Work

Many wonderful things had happened in the hundred years since Prince Henry the Navigator had begun his work. Men had learned that the torrid zone is not a place

where crews and ships are burned to ashes. The end of Africa had been found, and vessels had rounded it, making a familiar path to Asia. It had been proved that the Atlantic is not a sea of darkness and does not end in a horrible abyss. Two new continents had been discovered in the West. A way had been found through that new land to the old world of the East beyond it. Men's ships had sailed all around the ball of the earth.

Spain and Her Rivals

Spaniards in America

A new world had been found. What use was to be made of it? Spain's answer was, "I will get gold and silver from it." Spain was a proud country at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Her nobles had proved their courage and strength by overcoming the once conquering Moors and driving them back into Africa. Except for Portugal her rulers now held all the great peninsula, a country as broad as any in Europe, and they

held, besides, across the sea, possessions of unknown size, perhaps as wide as the empire of Portugal in the East. But Spain herself was poor. She had great castles and beautiful churches, populous cities and haughty nobles, but farms were few and poorly worked, and the cities were more crowded than busy. Most Spaniards loved glory and scorned work; they were eager to handle swords rather than tools.

To the new country now opened to them the most adventurous of the Spaniards began to go. They explored its coasts, its rivers, its lakes, its forests, and its mountains in search of riches. Balboa

in 1513 struggled across the Isthmus of Darien and found, not wealth, but the Pacific Ocean. Cortez with a little Spanish army won Mexico, and Pizarro cruelly conquered Peru, and each won vast treasure. Expeditions made their way through Florida and pushed northward from Mexico into what are now our southwestern states. De Soto explored the shores of the Gulf of Mexico and found the Mississippi River.

In the islands of the West Indies the conquerors found great numbers of Indians living a peaceful, rather idle life in the mild, fruitful country. According to the Spanish idea the land belonged

to the king, and he gave great tracts of it to the Spanish explorers and conquerors and settlers. One man often received thousands of acres with three or four Indian towns upon them. The inhabitants became his serfs.

Men from Spain could not work in this new climate, warmer and more moist than their own. Sunstroke and fever killed many in the early years. So they turned to their serfs and put them to work on their farms and in their mines. But these simple people, used to outdoor life and little work, could not endure this new kind of labor. The white

men, too, by ill fortune, brought disease among them, and the Indians died like summer flowers under a frost. The first discoverers found perhaps 300,000 inhabitants on the island of Haiti: twenty-four years later there were but 14,000.

Since the Indians could not be used, what was to be done? The earth held gold; Spaniards must have it; somebody must get it for them. They were soon making sugar, too, in the islands, and each sugar-mill needed from thirty to eighty workers. You will remember that the Portuguese, as they crept down the coast of Africa in the time of Prince Henry, had found a

black people, whom they thought fitted for slavery; that they began slave raids, and carried away slaves to Portugal and to Spain. When the Spanish, therefore, found the natives of the West Indies unable to endure the hard labor put upon them, they thought of their black slaves at home, and ten years after Columbus' discovery, a few were brought over as an experiment. The experiment succeeded, the negro slaves proved good workers, and a few years later another shipload came over. But Spain could not spare her own slaves, born in Spain of Christianized parents, trained to work in the white man's

fashion. So the king of Spain, owner of the new world, granted to Portugal, owner of the African coast, the right to sell four thousand African black men every year in the West Indies.

All this negro labor brought from the earth great wealth in gold and silver, for the chief business was mining. Down from the mountains in all parts of New Spain wound trains of donkeys or of the strange American llamas, packed with sticks of silver and gold. In storehouses the precious bars were piled up to wait for ships to take them to Spain. In companies of sixty or

seventy the ships set sail, "laden," as a writer of the times says, "with cochineal, hides, gold, silver, pearls, and other rich wares." Again he tells of a ship unloading "five millions of silver . . . so that the whole quay lay covered with plates and chests of silver . . . most wonderful to behold . . . besides pearls, gold, and other stones." He speaks again of a West Indian fleet of one hundred ships and says that during one year two hundred twenty vessels sailed from America for Spain and Portugal.

To a country where gold seemed to grow on bushes many colonists flocked, and New Spain was changed from

an Indian land to a white man's country. If a baby born in the year when Columbus discovered the new land had lived to be seventy-five or eighty years old, he would have seen another Spain transplanted into that new world. He would have seen over two hundred cities and towns, Spanish towns, with streets like those in Spain, with pretty houses of stone and plaster, with open squares for pleasure and trade, with churches of carved stone. Outside the towns were great plantations, growing cattle, spices, and rice, all worked by hundreds of slaves.

A hundred and sixty

thousand Spaniards lived on these plantations and in these towns, and they had a rich, beautiful life. There were balls where the gentlemen danced in long tight hose and silken trunks and velvet doublets slashed and puffed and set off with bright linings. The ladies were lovely in rich brocades and gold cord and falling lace. There were church festivals with processions and gay sports in the streets and the square, like the festivals at home in Spain. There were monasteries with schools where the children were taught. There were a few high schools, too, for boys and girls, and the young men went to

universities where learned professors were writing books. There were hospitals and skilled physicians.

In fact, Spain did in America what Rome had long ago done in Spain: she transplanted her own civilization into it. Yet there was this difference: the native Spaniards had adopted Roman ways and Roman learning, had inter-married with the Romans, and had built up a new people; the Spaniards in America, on the other hand, were little changed by their transplanting, and most of the Indians remained a distinct and ignorant people.

A thing that would seem curious to American eyes in

this New Spain was the fact that it was almost entirely a land of one nationality. There were the negroes, to be sure, but they were slaves, and there were Indians, but they were almost slaves. There was hardly a Frenchman or a German or an Englishman or an Italian to be seen, only Spaniards. In the city of Seville sat the Council of the Indies, to help the Spanish king in ruling this new country. The king and this council made all laws, sent governors and generals, gave land and collected taxes. These rulers planned to save America for Spaniards of true blood and Catholic religion. One of

the laws was to the effect that "no descendants of Jews, Moors, or of heretics . . . down to the fourth generation, be allowed to come to the island (that is, Cuba)." It was as though there were a wall around Spanish America, with a single gate, and only those who could speak the Spanish password might go through.

Indeed it was so, in a way. Colonists could come to America only in ships, and ships could unload only in harbors. Every harbor town was in charge of a Spanish officer with troops and guns for defense. His order was to receive only ships carrying papers from the Council

at Seville stating that they had sailed from that city and had a right to put in at Spanish American ports. The officer had orders, besides, to permit only Catholic Spaniards to land on his shores. There were officers of the Inquisition to make sure that those landing were Catholics. If they were found to be heretics, they were sometimes burned. The plan was largely successful, and to-day almost all of America below the United States is Catholic, and nearly all but Brazil is Spanish in speech and custom.

Spain and Her Enemies:

1. France

When Columbus discovered America, Spain was ruled by King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, and had little to do with the rest of Europe. Their daughter, however, married a prince of the powerful German family of Hapsburg, and so it happened that a few years later a young man inherited the crown who was not only king of Spain, but archduke of Austria and duke and count of many places, besides being king of several others. In addition to all this he soon became emperor of the

Holy Roman empire. His titles would have filled a page.

Francis I, king of France, looked with dread and jealousy upon the overgrown possessions of this Charles, encircling France and threatening to strangle her. It was he who had haughtily questioned Spain's right to monopolize the world. He sent Verrazano and Cartier to snatch a part of the new world from Charles. In Europe, too, he tried to humble him. Ever since two years after Columbus discovered America France and Spain had been at war over Italy. This war Francis I gladly continued in order to

lower the Hapsburg pride and lessen the Hapsburg dominions. At last, however, it was he who was humbled and had to make peace. After that defeat Frenchmen continued to hate Spain, and wherever French and Spanish met there was likely to be blood spilled. An event that happened in America illustrates the hard feeling between the two nations.

Revolt from the Catholic Church, you remember, had spread into France. Thousands of people had left the old church and become Protestants, or Huguenots, after Calvin's teaching. But the majority of Frenchmen remained Catholic and, as

happened at first in every country, looked with suspicion and anger upon the new religious rebels. They thought to root out heresy by persecution. Occasionally French Protestants were arrested and burned, and Protestant churches torn down. Yet the Huguenots increased in numbers, especially among the nobles. One of these Huguenot nobles, Coligny, had the high position of Admiral of France and was a friend and adviser of his king. He looked across the ocean and saw, he thought, a refuge for his persecuted fellow-Protestants and at the same time a chance to get new

land for France and to break Spain's monopoly.

Three times Coligny got his king's consent for groups of Huguenots to found settlements in America. The first was in Portuguese Brazil, but the Portuguese drove the colonists out. The second was on the shore of what is now South Carolina, but hunger, mutiny, Indian troubles, and disappointment made this a failure also. The third attempt was on the shore of Florida. This was Spanish territory. Back in 1513 Ponce de Leon had landed there, had explored the shore and claimed it for Spain, and had given it the Spanish name of Florida.

Frenchmen would have been glad to cut off this possession of the Spanish king. So in 1564 Coligny's colony built Fort Caroline on the St. John's River and began to explore for gold. Some mutineers left the settlement, sailed out to sea, and raided a Spanish ship.

Spain took terrible revenge. The Spanish king sent Menendez, a wolf of a man, with ships and men to wipe the Frenchmen out. He did it thoroughly, killing in cold blood over five hundred French captives. Some he hanged to trees with a sign that read, "Not as to Frenchmen, but as to Lutherans." Two years later a

Frenchman, seeking revenge, landed on the Florida coast with two hundred men, surprised the Spanish fort at St. Augustine, killed the garrison, and hanged several to trees with a sign that read, "Not as to Spaniards, but as to liars and murderers." Frenchmen had taken vengeance, but they never again tried to colonize Florida. A few years later they returned to America again, but not to the Spanish south. They sought once more the great St. Lawrence, which Cartier had found more than seventy years earlier.

Spain and Her Enemies:

2. The Netherlands

Philip II, the son of Charles V, inherited all of his father's possessions except those connected with Austria. United Spain was his, so was southern Italy and Sicily, so was the Netherlands, or what is now Holland and Belgium; America, besides, was his, and during his reign he conquered Portugal. But in spite of all his great kingdom and all his great titles he was not a great man. He was an enemy to liberty: men must think as he directed. He was suspicious and jealous: a general who served him badly was hated and punished for

failure; and one who served him well was hated and punished for success. Philip was cruel; it was he who sent Menendez to wipe out the French colony, and he was angry that any man, woman, or child had escaped the butcher. He was a strong Catholic, and he meant to free the world of heretics. He gloried in the bloody work of the Inquisition and, it is said, laughed when he heard of a great massacre of the Huguenots in Paris. He was ambitious to be the most important ruler of Europe, and he had spies in every court, that he might know all secrets and turn them to his advantage.

If the other peoples of Europe hated Spain under the great Charles, they hated it still more under Philip, and of them all the Netherlands hated most, having suffered most.

The Netherlands was a country of great cities. For hundreds of years it had been filled with rich weavers and merchant princes. The gilds, in their day, had nowhere been stronger, and every city of the Netherlands had its beautiful old gild halls. These rich merchants and gildsmen had bought the freedom of their towns. That was in the days when the cities had belonged some to the duke of this, others to the count of

that. Even in Philip's day, though he possessed all the titles of these old dukes and counts, yet the Netherlands was not a united country, but, like Germany and Italy, a group of separate states, each with its own laws and customs and privileges. Every state was fond of its privileges and proud of its history and its wealth. Trouble began to brew, therefore, when haughty Philip inherited the country and planned to rule like a tyrant. He snapped his fingers at old laws. He insulted Dutch and Flemings and put Spanish officers over them. Being hungry for money, he laid so heavy a tax on the country

that "merchants declined to deal, shops were shut, trade was at a standstill, debtors were not able to meet their creditors, and many banks broke."

The Netherlands, moreover, was full of heretics. From Germany at the east the people had learned Lutheranism, and from France at the south they had learned Presbyterianism, and Philip, His Most Catholic Majesty, hated all heretics. He set up the Inquisition here in the Netherlands, as he did throughout all his great empire, to punish heretics, and he sent an army and a butcher of a governor to punish rebels. That governor, the

Duke of Alva, boasted that during the six years of his rule, he killed eighteen thousand heretics. Sixty thousand more fled to England, and even more than that to Germany, but the people of the Netherlands were sturdy, stubborn folk, and they would not be subdued. For more than fifty years they fought for their freedom. Sometimes they had England's help, because England also was Protestant. Sometimes they had the aid of France, because France also feared and hated Spain. But both were fickle friends, and it was the strength of the Dutch themselves and the wisdom of the men of one of their own

noble families that at last won independence.

Of these patriotic nobles the first and most stubborn fighter was William, Prince of Orange, he whom the Hollanders to-day call the father of their freedom. Though he had begun life as a wealthy, honored, ambitious prince, a Catholic and a favorite of the Spanish king, yet for twenty years he labored for the freedom of his country, spending his money in her cause, risking his life for her, and finally dying a martyr in her behalf. He was determined to sweep the Netherlands clean of Spaniards, to restore the old laws and liberty of the land,

to win freedom of worship for Protestants and Catholics alike. To gain these purposes he fought battle after battle and withstood siege after siege.

Some of those sieges were among the bravest and saddest in all the sad history of war. Men, women and children, shut up for ten months in Leyden, surrounded by Spanish armies so that no food and no messengers except carrier pigeons could pass, saw their dearest and best drop from famine or disease, saw their strongest starve to skeletons, themselves reduced to eat refuse; and yet they held out. Holland is a low, salt marsh, lying

below the level of the sea. The people through centuries had built dikes through the shallow shore waters, cutting the ocean off from the land, had pumped the sea out of this fenced country, and at last sat safe and serene behind their sea walls. Now in their great need the people of Leyden cut the dikes and flooded the land in order to float their own navy in to their rescue.

Nor was this the only time the Dutch made the sea their ally. "Better ruin the land than lose the land," they said. The Spanish Duke of Alva, who was fighting against the people, wrote to his king: "Never was seen on

this earth such a war as this, never was a fortress so well defended of men. They have an excellent engineer (that is, William), who has devices that were never yet heard, or seen."

Through it all William was not only fighting battles, but he was writing protests to the king of Spain and pleas to the queen of England and the rulers of France to help the suffering Netherlands with troops and money. He was sending eloquent appeals to the little states of the Netherlands to hold together in the cause of freedom. "A fagot bound together cannot be broken

as easily as single sticks," he said.

But he could gain only a part of his purpose. The ten states of the southern Netherlands combined and declared their loyalty to Spain and to the Catholic religion. But the seven northern states joined together as the United Provinces of the Netherlands. In their declaration of independence they said: "All mankind know that a prince is appointed by God to cherish his subjects, even as a shepherd to guard his sheep. When, therefore, the prince does not fulfill his duty as protector; when he oppresses his subjects, destroys their ancient liberties,

and treats them as slaves, he is to be considered, not a prince but a tyrant. As such the estates of the land (that is, the assembly of delegates, like our Congress) may lawfully and reasonably depose him, and elect another in his room." And so the Dutch deputies, gathered at The Hague, proceeded to depose Philip and to elect in his place the patriot William and another prince. Inside of two years, however, the noble Prince of Orange was assassinated, crying out as he fell, "God pity my poor country!"

The struggle with Spain continued, and William's son

took his place in the government and in the army. There were more brave sieges, more battles on land and fighting on sea. Not for twenty-five years was the war quite over, and Holland able to stand forth as a united and free country, a new member of the family of modern national states.

After that Holland prospered. The number of her ships increased and the boldness of her seamen. They harried Spaniards wherever they found them. They sailed into all the ports of the world and traded. They rounded Africa in the track of the Portuguese, who were then under the rule of Spain,

and took their Eastern empire from them. In 1609 Henry Hudson, an English seaman employed by Holland, seeking a new route to the Indies, discovered on the American shores the great river now called the Hudson, and claimed for Holland all the land that it drained. "The Dutch had made themselves the common carriers of the world," says a writer of the time. The inhabitants of Holland "sucked honey, like the bee, from all parts," says another. And all these prosperous Dutch merchants were haters of Spain.

Spain and Her Enemies:

3. England

Spain had another bitter enemy—England. One reason for English hatred was commercial jealousy. England had become a trading nation. During the Middle Ages trade had been in other hands. Hanse ships had carried to her shores the products of the North, and Venetian ships the products of the East. But the Hanseatic League had grown weak as the new nations of Europe grew strong, had lost its great factories and many of its members. The Italian trade in the East had been spoiled

by the Turks and the new route around Africa, and the Venetian galleys visited England less and less often. As trade dropped out of the hands of these earlier merchants, Englishmen picked it up. They began to build better ships and to sail into distant waters after the goods that foreigners had once brought to them. Instead of sending their raw wool to Flemish towns, they had begun to weave it themselves and to send out the cloth.

These ambitious merchants saw a great new world opened up in America, a world full of riches, yet in this new world they were not permitted to set foot. Much of

its gold found its way into England, for the Spanish colonies needed the grain and the cloth which England produced and Spain neglected, but Englishmen might not take their goods direct to America. They had to carry them to Spanish ports and there sell them to be loaded upon the Spanish ships of the colonial fleets. English traders felt that in this way many drops were spilled between the cup and the lip. They wanted to go, themselves, into this new land that was at once rich and hungry, and there trade foods and cloth for gold.

Another cause of England's hatred of Spain was the

difference in religion. About 1534 England broke away from the Roman church, and became Protestant. Spain, on the other hand, boasted that there was not a heretic in her country. The Inquisition guarded the ports, lest foreign heretics should come in. Its officers boarded every incoming ship and examined the crew. Many an Englishman was arrested and thrown into prison for the crime of having an English Bible in his sea chest.

Thus jealousy and religious difference made Englishmen and Spaniards enemies. If English sailors could slip into some unguarded harbor in Spanish America, unload

a cargo and trade it to the people for gold, without being caught by the officials, they not only filled their pockets, but rejoiced that they had struck a little blow at the enemy of their land and their religion. Were not the rich ships of the Spanish fleet filled, not only with gold, but with men who imprisoned good English patriots? Therefore, if a ship in a storm should be driven away from its company, to drift alone on the broad sea, would it not be a just act for patriotic Englishmen to capture her? Many an English crew shouted a hearty "yes" to such a question.

English smacks that had

once gone fishing to Iceland, now turned their prows southward, for there were better fish in the sea than cod, namely, Spanish galleons; and catching them was an act of patriotism. Trading goods for gold in Spanish towns was slow business for merchant ships, but trading cannon balls for gold on the high seas was a rich and exciting adventure and was done in the service of God and country. England had few warships, and dared not go to war with mighty Spain, but the English queen, Elizabeth, was glad to see her bold seamen prick the Spanish king with their private swords, so she only

smiled and kept silent when he complained of her lawless citizens. When such sailors could get special letters from the queen, they were "privateers," that is, men who were privately doing their queen's work. But without these letters, they had to run the risk of being hanged as pirates if the Spaniards captured them. That risk they were willing to take in order to gather riches and to punish the Spanish king for abusing English seamen and to break down the Spanish fence around America.

Francis Drake was one of the boldest and most successful of these seamen. He was a very religious and patriotic

man. He hated Catholics, and he hated Spaniards. He loved England, he loved his queen, Elizabeth, he loved adventure, and he had no dislike for treasure. He never feared man or storm. He lived all his life on the sea and could fight as well as he could sail. For years he was the daredevil of the sea. The Spaniards called him "the dragon," "the demon." With two little ships and seventy-three men he sailed into the Spanish sea in the elbow of Central America, found the hiding place of Spanish treasure, made friends with Spain's enemies there, nursed forty of his men through the fever, slipped

out of the fingers of a Spanish fleet, captured a mule train of treasure and a storehouse where lay "a pile of silver bars ten feet in breadth, ten feet in height, and seventy feet in length," took a town from a full Spanish garrison, scuttled one of his ships, filled the other with treasure, and sailed home under the very nose of the Spanish fleet.

On that trip, from a tree top on the Isthmus of Darien, Drake had caught sight of the Pacific Ocean, where an English ship had never floated, and he longed to sail it. So within a few months he manned five ships with a hundred sixty-four men and was off again. He

swung across the south Atlantic to the very harbor on the far southern coast of America where Magellan had wintered fifty-eight years earlier. Like Magellan he had to quell a mutiny. Two ships he had to break up and leave, because he had not men enough to work them in heavy weather. A terrible storm blew him southward and kept him for a month on the open sea, past Cape Horn, without chance of harbor. "The seas . . . were rolled up from the depths, even from the roots of the rocks . . . ; and being aloft were carried in most strange manner and abundance, as feathers or drifts of snow,

by the violence of the winds, to water the exceeding tops of high and lofty mountains." Thus writes one who was on the expedition. Drake lost one ship in the great storm and was deserted by another.

Only one was left at last to work its way in better weather up the west coast of South America. Here his experience was very different from Magellan's. The Portuguese had cut westward across the empty ocean. The Englishman hugged the coast northward, for he was after treasure and Spanish trouble. He found the wild coast planted with Spanish towns and met Spanish ships

carrying treasure from one to another.

"In two barks here," says the journal, "we found some forty and odd bars of silver." In another they found "some fruits, conserves, sugars, meal, and other victuals, and . . . a certain quantity of jewels and precious stones, thirteen chests of royals of plate, eighty pound weight in gold, twenty-six ton of uncoined silver, two very fair gilt silver drinking bowls, and the like trifles." Once when they landed they "met a Spaniard with an Indian boy driving eight lambs or Peruvian sheep; each sheep bore two leathern bags, and in each bag was fifty pound weight

of refined silver, in the whole eight hundred weight."

After filling their ship with all this Spanish treasure the Englishmen, because the love of exploring was on them, sailed far north along the shore, past our California and even up to our state of Washington. Somewhere on our coast they camped for many days and had much converse with the Indians, who were "a people of a tractable, free, and loving nature, without guile or treachery."

The English visited their houses, put ointment on their wounds and sores, preached to them, fed them. "Before we went from thence," the

journal goes on, "our general caused to be set up a monument of our being there, as also of her Majesty's and successors' right and title to that kingdom, namely, a plate of brass, fast nailed to a great and firm post, whereon is engraven her Grace's name and the day and year of our arrival there."

The navigators hoped to find a sea passage through the land toward the east and home, but finding none and meeting cold weather, they at last turned across the sea toward Asia. It was a long and perilous voyage, threading a way through the Spice Islands amid storms and reefs and peoples friendly and un-

friendly. But at last the "master thief of the unknown world" reached home. His worn-out ship, the *Golden Hinde,* was hauled up on the English shore, a banquet was given on board with all the great men of England doing honor to the bold adventurer. Queen Elizabeth herself was there, and afterward, on the deck, knighted the daredevil sailor and made him *Sir* Francis Drake.

But this trip around the world was only the beginning of his adventures. Once with a fleet of twenty-three ships he started south to "singe the king of Spain's beard." He ran into the great harbor of Cadiz, where lay a

forest of merchant ships with ten great war galleys. With his little swift vessels he dipped under the very noses of the tall galleys, darted past them, poured shots into their sides, sunk more than twenty vessels, captured four loaded with provisions, slipped out of the narrow harbor mouth, and spent the night at anchor under the very eyes of the town. For a month more he swept the seas and the coasts of Spain, capturing forts, sinking or taking forty large ships and a hundred small ones.

Spain, of course, could not permit these insults to her power. She wanted, moreover, to punish England for

having helped the Dutch. During all Holland's brave fight the little country had looked to England for aid, partly because she, too, was Protestant and partly because she, too, hated and feared Spain. In answer English merchants sent two million dollars or more to William, and little parties of Englishmen "stole across the channel" to enter his army. But Queen Elizabeth dreaded to do anything that should push King Philip into war with her, so she hesitated long whether to send troops to aid the Dutch, but at last she did it. A year after the great William died one of her favorite earls sailed from

England with six thousand soldiers, and for two years he was in Holland acting for some of the time as governor general.

King Philip had a dream of adding England to his realm and of forcing its people to become Catholic. He pretended to have some shadowy claim to its crown. So in 1588 a great Spanish fleet set sail for England, "the Invincible Armada," the Spaniards called it, for it was the greatest fleet ever yet assembled. There were one hundred thirty ships, the largest ships of the world, with great sails to catch the wind and sweeping oars to aid them. Hakluyt, an English

writer of the time, describes the fleet. He says that the galleons "were of an huge bigness and very stately built . . . so high that they resembled great castles. . . . The upper works of the said galleons was of thickness and strength to bear off musket shot. The lower works and the timbers thereof were out of measure strong, being framed of planks or ribs four or five foot in thickness, in so much that no bullets could pierce them. . . . The galleasses (the largest ships of all) were of such bigness that they contained within them chambers, chapels, turrets, pulpits and other commodities

of great houses. The galleasses were rowed with great oars, there being in each one of them three hundred slaves for the same purpose. . . . All these (ships) . . . were furnished and beautified with trumpets, streamers, banners, warlike ensigns and other such like ornaments."

On board the fleet were thirty thousand fighting men, and every man was filled with love of Holy Church and hatred of heretic England and of insulting English sailors. It was another crusade. At the masthead of the admiral's ship floated a banner with pictures of Christ and Mary, His mother, and the motto on it read, "Rise, O

God, and vindicate your cause." Before the battle began, mass was said on every Spanish ship, and every Spanish sailor prayed for victory against the enemies of his country and his church. But the Englishmen, too, were fighting a religious war. "God give us grace to depend upon Him," wrote Drake in a letter just before the fight, "so we shall not doubt victory, for our cause is good."

The great fleet sailed northward to land her army on the shores of England, but the English sea dogs flew out at her. Their ships were of a build quite different from the Spanish. They were small, low, and light,

without oars, but with better placed sails. The great Spanish galleons were like wallowing whales, the English vessels like skimming swallows. Two of them, indeed, were named by their proud owners *Swallow* and *Antelope.* These swift little ships could repeat the savage play of Drake in the harbor of Cadiz. As Hakluyt says, "Albeit there were many excellent and warlike ships in the English fleet, yet scarce were there twenty-two or twenty-three among them all which matched ninety of the Spanish ships in bigness or could conveniently assault them. Wherefore the English ships, using their . . . nimble steerage,

whereby they could turn and wield themselves with the wind which way they listed, came oftentimes very near upon the Spaniards and charged them so sore that now and then they were but a pike's length asunder."

The men who sailed those seaworthy ships were sons of the sea. Only fifty-three of the hundred ninety-seven ships belonged to the government; the others were owned by the merchants and fishermen who for years had been learning their lessons of seamanship and daring in plundering Spain. It was old privateers who fought and won the nine-day fight, with its retreats and advances, its

roar of cannon, its sinking ships, its fire ships drifting by night into the Spanish fleet.

To end all came a great storm that wrecked the retreating Spanish vessels, so that, says Hakluyt, "of one hundred thirty ships which set sail out of Portugal, there returned home fifty-three only, small and great." After the victory, there were solemn festivals in England and prayers in the churches. Queen Elizabeth rode through London, down streets hung with blue cloth and decked with captured Spanish banners.

The defeat of the Invincible Armada was an inspiration to England. "The sea

is ours," Englishmen thought; "why not the shores of it?" The world was open to them, trade prospered. In order to feed that trade, manufactures flourished at home, money poured into England, and life became more gorgeous for the nobles and more comfortable for the commoners. Noblemen "wore a manor on their backs," and rich merchants dressed like nobles, in gay velvets and silks, with slashes and puffs. New houses were built with windows of glass, so that the sunshine flooded in where in the old days had been unhealthful gloom. Even poor men's houses began to have chimneys and clean air and

pleasant fireplaces. Well-made chairs and bedsteads began to take the place of the rude benches and straw pallets of earlier days. There were comfortable pillows on many a common man's bed, and even carpets on his floor. On his table were dishes of pewter or silver instead of the old wooden bowls, and good fresh meat oftener took the place of the cheap salt fish.

Men's minds, too, became more active. Young nobles and commoners, alike, flocked to the universities, and grammar schools were numerous. Englishmen went everywhere, especially to the great cities of France and Italy, and

brought back books and learning and new ideas. The science of astronomy was being re-made. For hundreds of years men had thought of the earth as the center of the universe, with sun, moon, and stars swinging about it. Now, however, in 1543, a Polish scientist, Copernicus, declared the sun to be the center. Some years later the Italian Galileo perfected the telescope, and after that hardly a month passed without a new discovery in the heavens. Medical discoveries also were being made, and in 1628 Harvey, an English surgeon, found out how the blood circulates through the body.

With so much happening in war, industry, science, and exploration men were driven to writing to express the ideas teeming in their minds. Printing presses became common in England, and the land was flooded with histories, books of travel, sermons, stories, essays, plays, poetry. Some one says that "England became a nest of singing birds." Learning now counted as much as noble blood. Queen Elizabeth's wise ministers were not great nobles but learned commoners. The poets to whom all England listened were many of them sons of cobblers or tradesmen. Shakespeare, the greatest of them all, was a

tanner's son. Noblemen now had more to think of than in the old days when war had been their only occupation. Courtiers talked of poetry and philosophy and geography. Many of them could write a poem as well as dance a minuet or swing a sword or sail a ship.

England in America

One of the great men of the time was Richard Hakluyt. He did much to make Englishmen love the sea, to make England proud of her sailors, to encourage his countrymen to colonize America. He was a professor of geography and map-making

in Oxford University. Of himself he says: "I read over whatsoever printed or written discoveries and voyages I found extant, either in the Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, Portugal, French or English languages. I grew familiarly acquainted with the chiefest captains at sea, the greatest merchants, and the best mariners of our nation." He determined to make the noble story of English seamanship known to the world. He printed all the stories he could find of English exploration. He called attention to Cabot's early discovery and urged England to take North America for her own. He wrote a description of Virginia

and an appeal to his countrymen to colonize it. It seemed to him that God had reserved the new lands north of Florida for the English to occupy, while the Spanish might hold those to the south.

A few years before the Armada fight a noble English gentleman, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, determined "to discover, possess, and to reduce unto the service of God and Christian piety," as Hakluyt says, "those remote and heathen countries of America not actually possessed by Christians and most rightly (belonging) unto the crown of England," because of Cabot's discovery. With the

help of interested friends he fitted out two expeditions. On the second he sailed to Newfoundland and set up on its shores the arms of England. But he was a man "of no good hap by sea," and on the return voyage in a great storm he went down with one of his ships, saying, "We are as near to heaven by sea as by land."

Gilbert's half brother, Sir Walter Raleigh, was unwilling to let Gilbert's work be quite swallowed by the sea. He was a many-sided man. He had been on voyages with Drake. He had gained Queen Elizabeth's favor by gay and courtly behavior. He had played his part in war. He

had written poems, and had gained great wealth. After Gilbert's death Raleigh sent three parties in different years to make settlements in America. All the attempts were sad failures. On the little island of Roanoke in Pamlico Sound the first party of about two hundred settlers landed in the summer of 1585 and spent a winter harassed with Indian troubles and fear of starvation. Sir Francis Drake passed that way in the next summer, after one of his raids on Spanish America, and the distressed party gladly left the wilderness and returned with him to England.

They had scarely gone

before relief ships came from Raleigh and left provisions and a party of fifteen men. The next year another party of settlers came to the island but found no trace of the fifteen men—a sad hint. This new party landed, and their ships sailed away to get more provisions. They planned to return in a few months, but meantime the Armada fight was threatening, England needed every ship, men had no time to think of America. For four years the little company of Englishmen were alone in the wilderness, cut off from the world and at the mercy of the Indians. When at last a relief party did come, they found only

ruins of houses, a deserted fort, broken chests, discarded tools, all overgrown with grass. The settlers had disappeared, and the Indians would tell no tales. Thus in sorrow and disaster began the English settlements in America. But Englishmen were not to be discouraged. Other expeditions came, and in 1607 Jamestown was successfully founded, the first permanent settlement of England in the new world.

In those early years men came for commerce, and they got from the king permission to trade, just as merchants did who wished to buy and sell in the cities of Europe. But in order to get the riches

of this new country, Englishmen had to build houses, work the ground, cut the timber, trap the fur-bearing animals. They needed to own land and build towns. The land belonged to the English king. Therefore traders going there and colonists settling there must get his consent.

So there grew up the custom of chartering companies for trading and colonizing. A number of men would make plans to form a company for settling and trading in America; each member would furnish a certain amount of money and would expect in return a certain amount of the profits. After their plan was made they would present

themselves to the king. If he favored the idea, he would give them a signed permission, called a patent. In this patent he gave tracts of land to the company. He also laid down rules for its governing; for these settlers across the ocean were still his subjects, and he considered it his duty to protect them.

Queen Elizabeth had given such patents to many companies desiring to trade and settle in different parts of the old world. There was the Russia Company, the Cathay or China Company, the Baltic Company, the Turkey Company, the Morocco Company, the Africa Company, the East India Company. The kings

who followed Elizabeth granted charters to trade in America to the Newfoundland Company, the Bermuda Company, the Plymouth Company, the New England Company, the Massachusetts Bay Company, the Hudson Bay Company.

England's Rivals in the New World

In the meantime Holland and France were doing the same thing—all picking plums from Spain's tree in America, all claiming that Spain's share lay to the south, all exploring the northern coast and claiming what was found, all chartering companies, all trying

to make settlements and to hold their new-found lands. The French began slowly to work their way up the St. Lawrence River, exploring its banks and the forests that led back from them, making friends with the natives, trading for furs, using the Indians as guides to the great inland seas of which they told. By the year 1615 they had gone on foot or canoe as far as Lake Ontario and had tramped across the country to the eastern shore of Lake Huron. For the next seventy years the wonderful waterway of the Great Lakes and their connecting rivers was the road that led Frenchmen on and on into the western

wilderness, planting forts and missions and trading posts all the way from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the heart of the Mississippi Valley. By 1615, however, they had made only two settlements, one in Nova Scotia and one at Quebec.

South of the French country the Dutch founded a colony at the mouth of the Hudson, and England was beginning settlements further south. Thirteen years after her colony at Jamestown she planted another at Plymouth. These were coast towns, looking back to England across the sea. It was long before Englishmen reached the mountains far

behind them and began to thread their way across into the unknown wilderness beyond.

South of Virginia, where Jamestown was, all the western world, except for Brazil, was Spain's. She was little interested, however, in the country north of Mexico, and except for Santa Fe in the distant southwest, she had planted only one colony there, St. Augustine in Florida.

By 1623, then, there were in the country which was some time to be English-speaking America, seven towns —two French, two English, one Dutch, and two Spanish. They were all mere villages

with a few log houses, a little log fort to protect the settlers' bodies, and a log church to guard their souls. They were surrounded by Indians whom they did not trust. They lacked most of the things that they had been used to have in the old countries of Europe. Most of them were homesick much of the time, I have no doubt, eagerly waiting for a visiting ship to bring them a few letters from home, a few delicacies to eat and drink, a pretty bonnet or a bright ribbon—something to make them forget for a little that they were dropped down in the wilderness all but cut off from civilization. Upon the

few ships they were dependent, too, for the many necessities of life—for flour and ham, for sugar and cloth, for iron and paper and tools and furniture.

Six of these towns were on the eastern edge of a continent whose great size nobody had guessed. The Spaniards had plunged a finger, one might say, into its southern edge by making their adventurous trip through our southwestern states. Drake had touched the coast of California. France had pushed westward a thousand miles and was hoping that every step would bring her out to the Pacific, to a waterway through America to

Asia. The Dutch and the English knew only a narrow fringe on the east coast. The great mass of the continent white men had never seen.

Yet the path to America had been made, and the door had been opened. Men found its soil as rich as that of Europe, its harbors as safe, its forests as beautiful, its climate as pleasant. To men in Europe who wanted to make money it offered its timber, its furs, its mines. To farmers who found land hard to get in Europe it opened broad, empty acres. To the Huguenots of France who found their Catholic rulers unfriendly and harsh, to Quakers and Puritans and

Presbyterians and Catholics of England who found themselves annoyed and oppressed by the Episcopalian Church, the far-distant and unpeopled America offered an opportunity to worship according to their own consciences.

With the settling of America there had opened a new chapter in man's history. We might call it "New Homes in a New World." Into these new homes men carried as precious heirlooms the great books, the religion, the science, the art, the laws, the ideals of freedom and of honor, that all the ages had been toiling over. Out of these things Americans and their cousins across the

Atlantic have gone on making new history. The tale is not finished. We are still making it to-day. After us our descendants will continue it. It is, perhaps, a never ending tale, and chapter rises out of chapter, age rests upon age, as do the stories of a lofty building.

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